

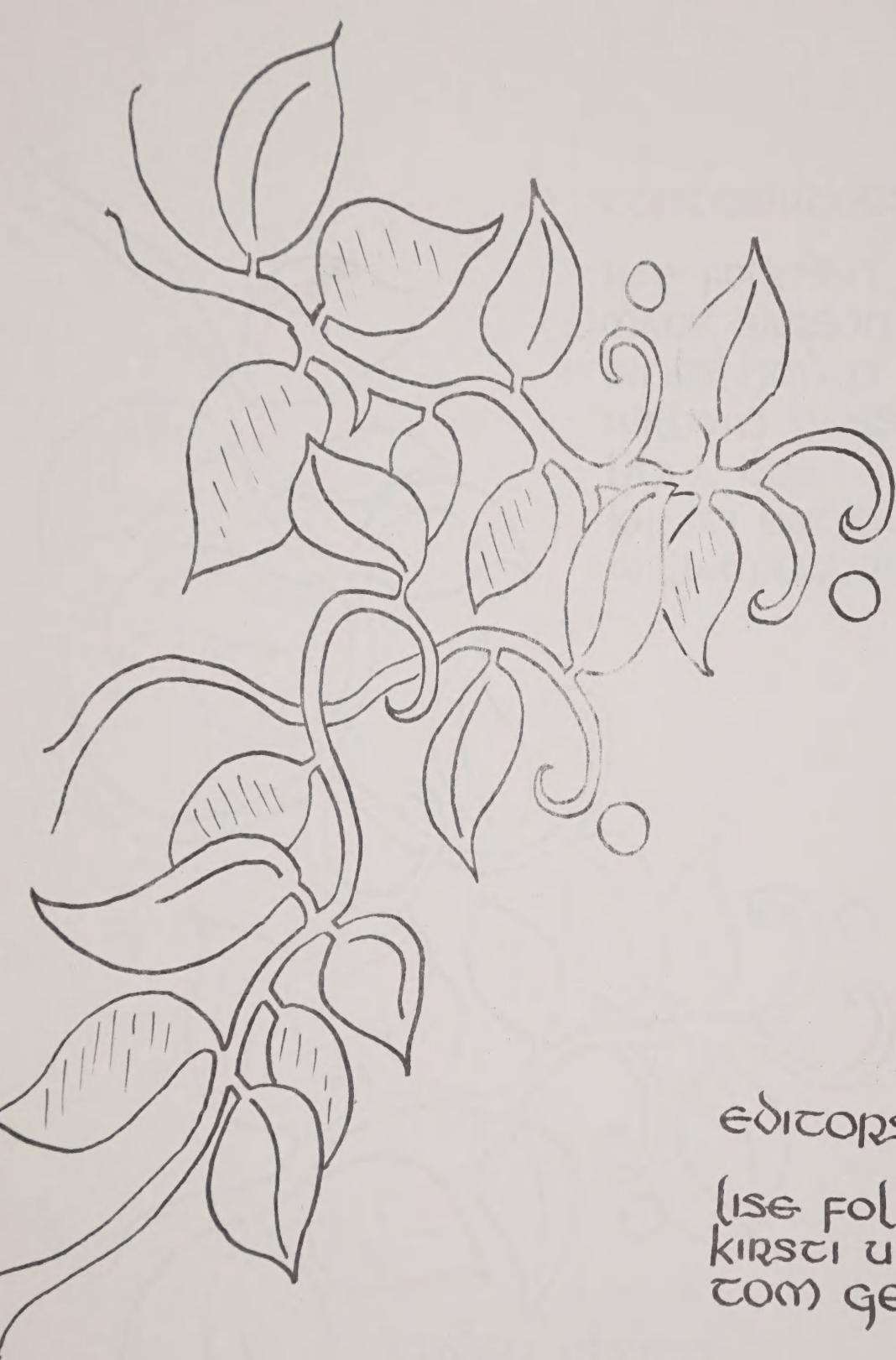




# RAIN

Clatsop Community College June, 1971

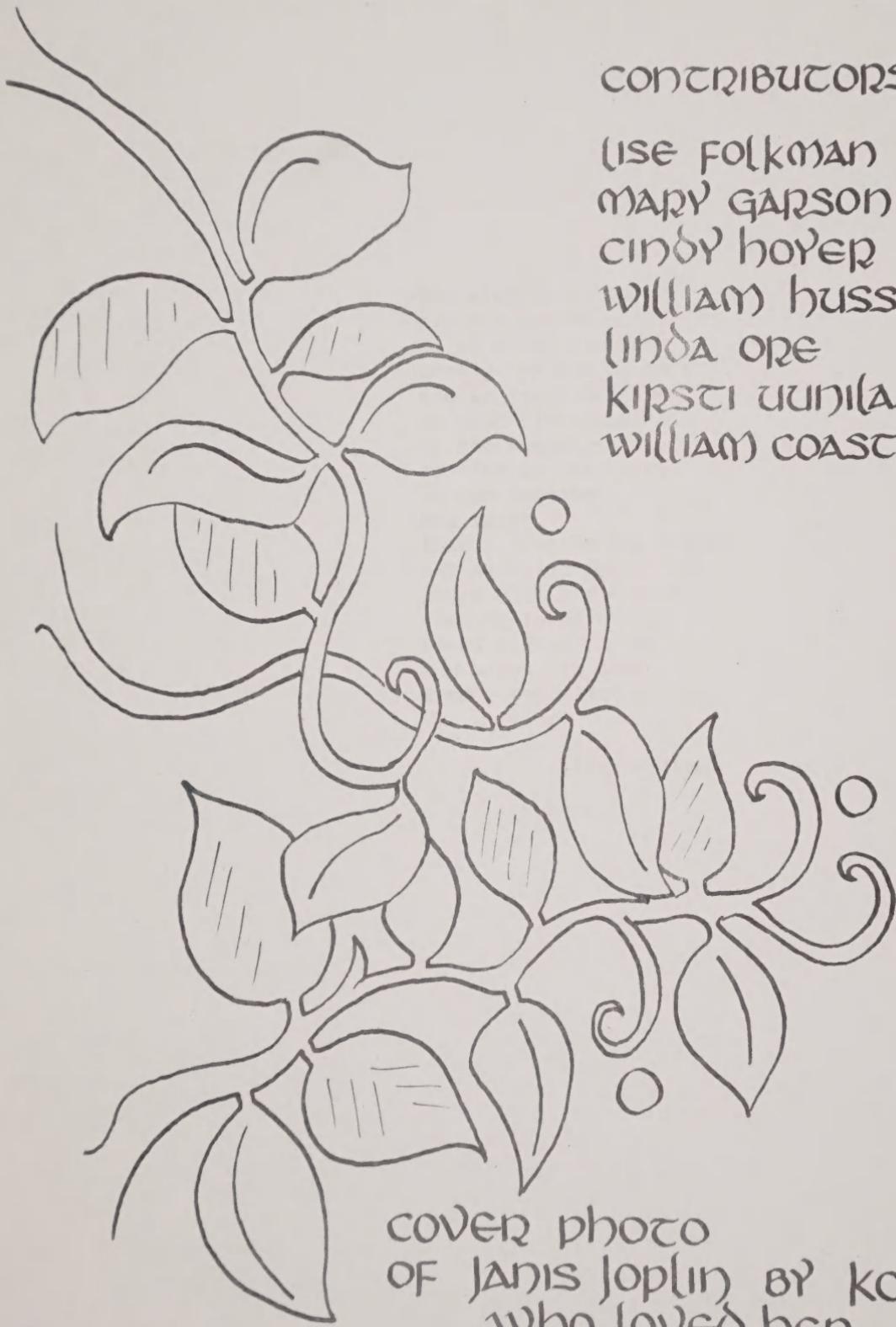




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COVER PHOTO  
OF JANIS JOPLIN BY KO-  
WHO LOVED HER.



the wind is my lover  
since you have gone  
he runs his fingers  
gently through my hair  
and we laugh together  
we send flying smiles  
to the seagulls  
resting on the waves  
we run together  
and laugh  
then i drop to the ground  
and he holds me  
there with his kisses  
then my lover  
makes a wish for me  
and blows the seed  
from a dandelion

Lise Folkman



## A NICE FAIRY TALE FOR AN OLD MAN

The old man waited. Today he must finish his tale. The Complex founders had "ways" of shutting up subversives.

The boy arrived. Taking his place in the chair, he was startled to see how much the old man had aged. He had wanted to come more often but his father--well, his father had told him the old man was sick.

The old man raised his tired grey head, he was determined to finish his story today. He must! He sighed and looked around the dome. "Is this all there is left?" His reflection in the glass walls stared back. Only the reflection was young and virile and full of hope and life. The old man drew a breath and began: "Son, they will tell you this story is a lie, but you must remember it so someday you can carry on the tale. I've told you how things were when I was president; I tried to tell you about the animals and the plants. Damn that word, PLANTS, they were the cause of the whole mess. Come, we'll open the shields. I want to look outside and remember."

The old man struggled to rise. He took a few steps and pushed the button which controlled the shields. Slowly the iron wings parted. "Grandpa, look, is that the sunshine? Look the black dust is not so bad today." The boy did not quite understand about the dust, but he did know that it was bad. The old man decided he would go on with the story and not bother to explain all the details to the boy; "The dust will always be bad now, there is nothing we can do. But you must remember what I told you it was like." "Yes, grandpa, the skies were blue, the grass, like that in the picture up there, was green, and the water was cool and clear instead of black and thick and warm. Yes, I think I will remember your world; it sounds like it was nice." What could the old man say? How do you explain how the world died? That is, all the world except for the chosen few, and knowing he had made that decision made the old man feel very tired and very guilty. Being a president had never been an easy chore. When he took office he could have saved the legislation, but that was risky business then. The communist scare was all the rage. Oh, how those fat middle class people got what was coming to them. All they wanted was money, money and war. The young people, they had voted him in, but even their ideas of love were turned into communist plots by the great majority. Well, it must have made a lot of people rich and happy because we cut down all the trees and our factories produced day and night. One day we just woke up and found the world in such a state that there was nothing even our best scientists could do overnight. We did what had to be done to gain time.



"Son, do you know why you are here instead of out there? Well, I'll tell you. I was the President and your mother is my daughter and I got to play God. I picked people I thought would further this complex but I sure didn't pick very well. These fools are content. They like living in glass tubes. Half of this Complex was born here, as you were. Before long how many of us from the old world will be left? None. We are dying off, and I'll be put out there soon. Well, I guess it would serve me right."

The old man and the boy were staring out the glass when they heard the hydraulic doors open. The boy looked around. His father was standing there with that look. "Alex, your mother is expecting you, you had better run along, I'll be in later. President, I'd like to talk to you."

The boy shivered as he went through the door. The old man had told him many things in the last month, some he knew he would remember, but other things--like the animals and the trees, well, he'd read all the fairy tales that kids read and he was mature enough to realize that the old man was old and that sometimes things are not as nice as we like to remember them. He decided to ask his mother; she wouldn't lie, and she was a lot easier to talk to than his father.

The old man turned to face Alex's father. He felt nothing but disgust, but even disgust becomes tired with age.

"Yes, I know, you want me to stop talking to the boy. You are also arranging for my departure to the outside aren't you? Well, I'll save you the trouble, I'll leave tonight."

"Listen, President, none of this would be necessary if you would stop filling the child's head with nonsense." The old man winced. "I'm not lying, you were born out there--you know--how can you tell your child that the earth was a lie? How can you hide the truth?" The old man knew that words carried no weight with this man. "I'll have them unlock the tubes for you tonight. I think it is better that Alex think you died. Of course, you probably won't last more than a week out there. If the pollution doesn't kill you the Outside people will." Alex's father turned to go but the old man cried out, "I did the best I could. I chose the best of all the people, I just don't know what else I could have done." "President, you deserve that black world of yours, progress would and has walked all over the top of you; our Complex has no disease, we do not have or know racial strife, we are all one people, speaking the same language. Old man I hope you die as slow as that memory of yours."

The old man sank slowly to his chair. He had done the best he could, and now the boy would have to carry on. Soon it would be time for him to return to the earth outside. The old man thought of many things; now was the time to remember how things were. The boy would remember--he must. Someday again the grass would grow, and the water would be clear but there would never be all the living things that progress had taken with it.

Alex's father decided he must talk to his wife, the boy must be controlled before the seed the old man had planted began to grow. "Zeala your father has been at it again. He must leave tonight." Zeala tried to sense what her husband wanted her to say. She wondered if she should



care. Her father, well, she hardly remembered him. "What do you want me to do? I know the story. Alex tells it to me as my father tells it to him; it is interesting, but of course we all know that it isn't true. Do you have to raise such a fuss over just one little story?"

"Zeala, we must do what is best for the Complex; one little story can be very dangerous, especially if it is about out there. We have to convince Alex before it is too late." Zeala listened to her husband. Perhaps he was right and besides, matters such as these were not for a woman to bother with. She turned to her husband and said, "I will take care of it. The boy will no longer believe as of tonight." Her husband nodded in approval and left to return to the Complex's computer center.

Zeala thought for a while and then went about her tasks. Alex would be finishing dinner soon, then bed-time, but what could she say?

The evening passed on. The old man had entered the chamber, in minutes he would be outside. The dust was thick perhaps he could find shelter but it would have to be soon. The soft hiss of the door reminded him to move his feet. He took two steps, then three, then stopped and slowly sank to his knees. He was outside! He began to cry but he wasn't sure why; it just seemed to be a time for sorrow.

Zeala pulled the covers over her son, and began to tell him in the tones of a mother, "Once upon a time---." Her voice was soft and sure. The ticking of the clock was giving her a feeling of urgency. There would be tomorrow to wonder about what she was doing.

Alex was beginning to be drowsy. It was such a nice story his mother was telling him, like the one the old man told. It was so hard to believe. When he grew older he would know for sure, but for now he would listen.

Zeala finished her story and Alex smiled up at her. She spoke softly and reminded him that the story was indeed a fairy tale for an old man and Alex believed her.

Linda Ore



Bouncing lightly on my lawn  
soft and warm and green and wool  
Floating over it  
Touching lightly  
Head is rising  
Tripping, floating  
The pen I touch like magic floats  
and writing flows  
My head nods  
and tips and bows  
heavy like dreaming.

Cindy Hoyer



sometimes,  
you know,  
I just feel  
like I'm--  
well--  
swimming  
in an awful lot  
of mud.  
sort of sticky  
like--you all  
just stick to me  
like that mud  
and I'm not really  
doing anything  
either--  
mostly just sticking  
back.

Lise Folkman







## 26 October

Leaves scuttle on, glide, skip over cement, like so many children chasing butterflies and rainbows, and the wind, chasing what?, comes to scatter them to where, from where, for what . . . the playful wind. And the rain comes and the children wait, (patient with promises of new rainbows; and their party-colored balloons have not yet felt the sharp point of a pin) inside. Outside, the wind plays with the rain--giving tears to faces afraid to cry, laughing faces splashed with grateful tears from knowing joy, big and little tears that may fall a thousand years from now, tears that may have rained a thousand years ago, the wind and rain, biting and slapping faces raw from knowing too many tears, cried too long, too hard, the rain to give refuge to ashamed tears seeking a place to hide; then, kissing the faces of two young lovers, the rain waits for red rubber boots and eager faces searching the sky for rainbows.

The morning, the (after a night too short, so warm, the tenderness and soft embrace of the night and a kiss; a night that alone, might have felt the cold, and only fear and loneliness would have known its endlessness, the darkness, was full of love and smiles) too-soon morning, whether sun or clouds or rain, finds sleepy eyes at the window and thirty-three or maybe one hundred seaquills, white and gray, dancing on their new silver ocean of fog and frost, shining for the eyes at the window and the morning.

The eyes watch the morning and her dancers, look to another's face, still sleeping and beautiful, and the eyes remember . . . evening walks up a hill to hot coffee, music, warm smiles, and silly laughter, a-bit-silly laughter; rainy walks; walks by the river; again on the hill, sharing tears and laughter, long moments of silence broken only by occasional giggles, while learning the other's eyes and smile for night's dreams that would, when the hill had once again separated them, bring the two together again.

And then the distance becomes greater than a hurried walk up a hill, tears become easier, smiles more difficult, and laughter strained. Only dreams remain. Then that day, which should have hurried but moved tormentingly in slow motion, that day, seemingly endless, turned to dusk and two feet ran up the so familiar hill, and dusk was lost to night and night to morning and two people discovered that dreams come true.

I just wanted you to know that I love you.

Anonymous



PARK I

a same day  
not similar  
because it's like any  
of the other days  
like

(why don't we mix all the beautiful colors together  
and get . . .)  
(no silly child dream)  
(and get an indistinguishable-from-anything-ugly-  
brown) --

just not different  
a same day  
and the grass  
shadowed upside  
down on my head  
tickles my cheek  
and I cannot sleep  
but I cannot move  
and

(no dog please go away)

a park day  
run through the park  
and people scream what's  
wrong?  
but don't they  
understand it's beautiful  
to run and  
not have your feet touch  
the grass  
and you can't see  
anything but

(thank you dog)

colors



PARK 2

bugs flash in my face  
and a bird lands  
near and maybe if I don't  
move it will come  
closer -- hold breath --  
          motionless  
then someone else  
moves and  
          (good-bye bird)  
how's the weather  
I'm fine thanks  
eyes shut  
but sun feels orange on my back and  
          it's about plexiglass  
          feels stagnant  
          yet I can see right  
          through it  
and the grass is growing upside  
down  
          maybe inside it  
          plexiglass  
          or am I backwards  
          (or plexiglass or grass or park or dog or . . .)  
probably not  
no the grass  
must be upside  
down  
because I can  
feel it against my cheek  
and not at all  
          in plexiglass  
          and it's a different day

Lise Folkman



## THE BIG FOG

The sea was at a dead calm and the sun was dull in a yellow sky. The grayhaired fisherman had been out for days; there were no fish. He whiled away his time drinking tea and eating rusks in the stern. Now and then he'd finger a chord and aimlessly pluck the strings of his mandolin.

At six o'clock the haze that had blurred the horizon for three or four days moved in through some power of its own; there was no wind.

"We'll call it a day," the fisherman said to the boat.

The little troller didn't even rock in reply. Not the slightest ripple broke the surface of the water visible through the thickening fog.

A feeling of uneasiness rushed over the fisherman and he cut the engine and hastened to pull in the lines, first the mainlines, clipping off the auxiliary lines as they slipped out of the water and into his hands. Breathing hard he then brought the poles into sailing position securing the poleropes to stanchions on the deck.

"We couldn't've done that quicker thirty years ago," he said to the boat. He laughed briefly, glanced at the surrounding mass of fog and the broken smile vanished from his mouth as sweat beaded on his face. Swearing at himself, he dropped anchor and lowered the stabilizers. They were of heavy metal weighted with lead and looked like oversized bullets with wings, small bombs.

He thought of airraids, gunfire, burned flesh. He closed his eyes and found himself lying on damp earth in a tangle of brush. Belleau Wood. He lay panting, sweating and afraid. Afraid to move for fear of being heard. Afraid to think; his thoughts were screaming over the sounds of war. He turned and faced the road lying twenty feet in front of him. Lying on the ground he could see the ambulance there, and through the door he'd left open when he dived, he saw his companion. A red and white oozing heap crumpled on the floorboards among the shards of a bullet-broken windshield. He quickly turned away and was sick.

The old fisherman opened his eyes and found himself seated on the gunwale. He looked uncertainly about himself, rose and hurried to the cabin, stumbling over a coil of line in his haste. He pulled open the weathered door and ducked in. Not stopping to turn on the wheelhouse lights he fumbled his way below decks and pulled on the light above the sink. He busied himself washing the dishes from his midday meal with what water there was left in the tea kettle. When he had finished, he climbed up into the wheelhouse. He reached for the key in the ignition to start the engine so that the bilge could be pumped out. At first the noise frightened him after the silence of fog and dead sea, but soon it became a comfort as it served to drown out his wild thoughts that rang so loudly in the silence.



He opened the door of the compartment and looked out. His mandolin on the hatchcover was slipping away from him in the fog. He stepped out and snatched it up along with the tea mug and bag of rusks. He closed the door tightly behind him and went below. He rinsed out the mug, filled the tea kettle and put it on the stove. The water soon began to bubble so he turned the heat down. He poured the steaming water into the mug, carelessly put in two teaspoons of sugar and dropped in a twice-used teabag. He set the mug on the edge of the sink and climbed the ladder to the wheelhouse to turn off the engine. The motor sputtered to a stop and there was a loud sucking noise as the last of the bilge was emptied from the tank. Silence flooded the boat and the aging fisherman's thoughts were again loud in his ears. He raised a calloused hand and steadied himself on the steering wheel. Above the wheel, the grey fog pressed its hulking shapelessness against the panes but it was no darker than it had been when the fog had started to roll in.

In need of distraction, the old man turned to the radio in a compartment below the windows and fumbled a long time with the controls, but he could not even pick up static. He flicked off the radio and went below.

He pulled off his woollen, smelly cap and sweater and sat down on the single seat by the table which was a cloth-covered board that folded out flat from the wall. He reached over to the sink for his mug. The tea had gotten cold so he dumped half of it down the drain and filled the mug with hot water from the stove. It was too weak but the warmth soothed him. A few grains of sugar had crystallized on the edge of the mug. They stuck to his lips and he wiped them away with his sleeve. He drained the mug in three swallows.

Haggard and exhausted, the old man rolled into the lower bunk without bothering to undress. He lay on his back and stared up at the bottom of the upper berth. His eye caught on the Winchester on a rack above the porthole next to him. He lifted it down and ran his hand over the cool metal. There were fish scales stuck to the stock and he scraped them off with a hard thumbnail. He again thought of war and death and fear. He replaced the gun.

The old man rolled over to face the small cabin and fell into an exhausted half-sleep. He dreamed. It was a familiar dream. He had gotten his first job crewing on the coast after the war. Alone, he roamed to the dark, wet streets along the waterfront. He stood on the pier, dug his hands deep into his pockets and looked out over the harbor. Far out near the mouth of the river, lights of boats were twinkling and bobbing. Beyond the lights and the jetties, and beyond the hellish boiling of the bar, barely distinguishable against the dark sky, a shapeless form rose high above the sea and moved slowly landward. Turning his collar up against the windless cold, the young man walked back toward the town. He wandered among the warehouses, canneries and darkened storefronts. Drunken laughter spilled onto the streets from



the corner taverns. He hurried to the boarding house where he roomed. He went quickly inside and up to his room, pausing in front of the door as he searched his pockets for a key. A door opened behind him and he turned to face a scantily dressed older woman who smiled and crooked a finger at him. Her hair was stiff and mussed and her face was a mask--blank with her mouth drawn grotesquely into an expressionless imitation of a smile. He turned and ran down the stairs and didn't stop running until he was on the street. He felt confused and immature and disgusted.

He walked for a long time. The dream changed and he was on the beach. Through evening mist and thickening fog he saw the phosphorescent foam as the waves broke and rushed into the sand. But there was no familiar roar. The night was soundless and he was reluctant to move for fear of breaking the silence. He looked down the beach and saw a light far off in the dunes. It was the only light but for the eerie glow of the waves. He moved toward it, slowly at first, then faster and faster, his legs a blur of motion. The light was near and he could see through the gloom the outline of a building. It was a church and he heard voices singing.

He heard a shout and slowed his pace. Off to his left was a leering old man, slumped on the sand brandishing a bottle. The old man told him that he wouldn't make it to the church. The people in the church didn't know him. They'd start the services without him, the old man said. The boy began to cry. The old man laughed and faded into the fog. The boy looked again at the little church on the dunes. Slowly he walked toward it. He opened the door. The services had already begun. The people didn't know him but they all smiled and he felt warm.

The fisherman felt the boat lurch and sat upright in the bunk, his head hitting the bottom of the upper berth. Rubbing his head he looked at the wall there the grey, glassy eye of the porthole stared. Shaken and cold he got up, pulled on his sweater and cap and climbed up into the wheelhouse. He looked at his watch. It read ten-fifteen but had stopped. He turned the key in the ignition but the motor wouldn't start. He opened the door and stepped outside. The greyness of the fog blended in with the water and they were inseparable. Cautiously, the greyhaired fisherman leaned out from the boat and reached out with his hand. What he touched was damp, firm. Sand. Confused but unafraid he climbed out of the boat and onto the beach. He walked for a while, then stood and looked about himself. His boat had disappeared and the water and the fog and the beach were one.

He sat down on the sand, his head on his knees. He felt a light touch on his shoulder. He stood slowly and a warm hand pressed his and led him to the church on the dunes. They walked through the open door and everyone knew him and smiled. They all began to sing. The services were beginning.

Kirsti Uunila







WORLD WAR WASTED

I

When did he find his america  
our america sweet america  
was he marching  
when was it clear  
his America  
no blest station frontier nation  
was he marching  
was he marching  
when he did peak  
was he marching  
what did he seek  
is his brother  
you're his brother  
he was marching  
when did he love  
he was marching  
you were  
his brother were  
his buddy were  
you marching  
when did he love  
was he marching  
was there fire  
shell fire YOU'RE SLAIN  
enemy fire enemy fire  
you were marching  
you were march then  
was frenzy then was loss  
when did he peak  
was he marching  
was there loss  
was he march is  
was there danger  
when did he march  
when did he loved  
he was marching  
he was marching  
when did he hate

II

mary sits awaiting aweeping ableating  
mary reads his letters  
smells his letters wants his letters  
how she loves his war  
mary sits in corset awriting



agrinding apraying for his triumph  
seduced by his war  
with child of his good war  
sitting in a corset mary  
cheers his valor and  
flogs his frightened mind

### III

when the war is over and the treaties all are signed  
when we burn our khakis and dress our festered wounds  
and scrub the piss and trench smells from our armed hides  
and dance off our battleships' blistered decks  
in dress blues  
when the enemy is beaten crushed routed and  
destroyed and we return stateside  
and cannons boom  
and mary meets us on the pier and bites our lips  
and shows her swollen belly and waves our flag  
then will we sing with raucous  
stunned  
silence  
then will we to our colleges and factories and babies  
and homes and insurance  
to our freedom our pride fraternities politics  
and nightmares  
then will we to peacetime  
and rumors of war

### IV

you young people should read some books sometimes I know  
them Cubans too that Castro'd kill ya as look  
they all wanna git their crummy paws in America  
we got everything wealth  
such a mixture of nationalities italians greeks  
that's why ther's war over there  
don't kid yourself  
the Kremlin just wants everything  
there'll always be war every nations just gotta protect itself  
America's prime pickins China knows that  
largest population in the world  
so do the Japs  
we got freedom  
that's what our boys are fightin' for over there in Vietnam  
whada ya mean "what's Vietnam to do with our freedom?"  
Everything that's what everything  
how do yar think ya'd like to have the US bombed  
if you don't think it'd happen you  
don't know history  
you were too young maybe when Hitler and Mussolini  
were killin' Jews all over Europe  
sure Russia knew she couldn't make it without Yank help



but don't fool yourself the Kremlin's ever bit of Hitler  
out to git the whole world so's China  
ya don't see Russia givin no food  
ta none a the little countries just takin Same with  
China just waitin for us to give  
them Vietnam there'll always be war  
China and Russia'll be at it before long you'll see  
They want everything  
but you still don't see what Vietnam has to do with our freedom huh  
Israel There'll always be war that ain't no game they're  
playin over there buddy we gotta protect our  
interests  
freedom's a priceless thing my friend  
what have we lost in comparison to what we'd lose  
if the communists had alla Asis huh?  
what've we lost about 50,000  
that's not real war read some books  
I know  
you'd lose that many in one swoop durin  
World War II  
you can always be proud of our soldiers  
to you maybe what I've said doesn't mean diddly  
ya still say our freedom ain't at stake in Vietnam  
well it's a free country pal so think that way if you wannoo  
just remember who's doin' your fightin' for you  
when they come flyin' over here in all the tin we  
gave 'em and drop bombs and kill  
Americans  
and maybe you'll know what it's like  
to lose a brother like I did  
There'll always be war my friend  
oh yes there'll always be war  
ya better hope we're ready.

William Coast West



## CASE HISTORY

My trial was not going well. My inquisitor was asking too many questions.

"When did you first notice the depression?" He queried, peering at me with his tiny penetrating eyes.

"Why do you ask me these questions, questions, questions? Why don't you ask them?"

"We're trying to help you. Relax and rest. Just try to answer the best you can."

"Don't you understand? I had to do it. We have to protect our country and do what we have to do." I was begging for his understanding and screaming too loud. I became conscious of the pressure-pain and silenced myself. How cunning they were.

This wasn't Dr. Kardin. This was another of the enemy sitting across from me. Well, I couldn't let him know I could see underneath the doctor-mask he was wearing. Underneath was the enemy. They were all around. I mustn't say more. He was trying to trick me. Listen to him but don't answer him.

His face opposite me was shirling now and I felt dizzy. It was necessary to dig my fingers into the seat of my interrogation chair to hold on. I mustn't fall from my chair. I must fight the enemy. Then he was talking to me again.

"How do you feel when this compulsion occurs? Please try to relax." He was becoming ominous and threatening. They would like me to cooperate but I must be concerned only with my survival.

"We must recognize the danger of the enemy and unite," I said aloud, forgetting the enemy was opposite me.

The telephone rang and my enemy answered ... first one lie, then another. And while he was lying into the telephone our country's security was in great danger. He continued his lies to the telephone.

I can look past him, through the window, and see the bars and wire screens which are heavier than they should be. I sweated and tried to hold my body quiet. I had to escape, to gain my freedom and secure our safety before it was too late, before the enemy enslaved us.

When my inquisition ended, I noted the presence of several more of the enemy.

"You can't fool me with your words. I hear you talking when you think I am sleeping. It is only the enemy that tosses around words, words, words. 'The clinical observation is paranoid,' you say. Sometimes you think I am not listening but I hear you ... and your words, regressive, guilt-obsessed, conflict and depressive, but you don't fool



me." I said to them, "I am aware of the conspiracy and am fully prepared to fight to defend our freedoms."

\*\*\*\*

I am back in my room again. The small white room where they have incarcerated me.

Events of the past are returning momentarily to me as I open the drawer in the chest alongside my bed which the enemy has provided me.

"You stupid cruel dupes," I scream, banging my clenched fists against my locked door. "Return my weapons to me so I can fight them. There isn't much time," I plead.

My hand again searches the drawer. It is empty. I am on the floor, searching under my bed. They have taken my weapons from me.

As I suspected, she comes into my room. Her mask covers the face of the chief conspirator but I am not fooled and jerk my arm. The needle that the fool of a conspirator was shoving into me broke off and she ran away.

In a few minutes she returns. Once again, they underestimate me. Through my redemption and salvation I am provided with the ability to penetrate their veil of subversion. She has changed her mask and now wears the face of my beloved Reverend Peters. I am not fooled. Underneath is the enemy.

They had induced me to disclose my fervor and ecstasy when worshipping with Reverend Peters. Now they are questioning me again with his face. The problem is that they are now using his voice too.

"Why have you come to punish me instead of them?" I ask, trying to remain quiet. A heavy feeling in my chest brought back the pressure-pain. My abdomen pulsed. The pain was travelling from my head down my left arm. I looked at my hand. It was red. The hostile force had painted their color on my hand. I screamed.

They returned and soon I slept.

\*\*\*\*

I have been with them for one year and have been cooperating. I say what is expected of me. It is easier, I have learned. I haven't used my weapons or asked again for them. They have examined me and find me improved. They say they have arrested my "religious fanaticism." I have been successful in disguising from them my role as saviour. My plans of continued alertness to the danger is not known to them.

\*\*\*\*

Today is Friday. I have been released and they have brought me home. My list is under the carpeting in the far corner of my room.



exactly as I had left it just before they had taken me away. My list in my hands, I check the names carefully. I look for my tools.

Something strange has occurred. They have ransacked my room and removed not only the telephone, but my paper and pens. I am discouraged.

I look around my room. Nothing is changed but the absence of the telephone and the emptiness of my desk drawers. I can continue for I have my list in my hands once again and can study the names and notations made in blue ink in my own familiar handwriting.

I recognize the names of those designated by myself as the most potentially dangerous. My telephone contacts were made, my letters written, and the task of exposing the enemy had been successful so I had drawn a line through the two names which headed my list. I am not free to divulge the many ways I pursue my duty. My work necessitates great care in making my contacts with the right parties. I am only obliged to continue my work, my work that had been interrupted by my jailers.

My enthusiasm is returning to me. On my list is Professor Stone. There is no line drawn through his name. I had done a great deal of work on this one. There was a letter about Stone.

"My letter, my letter ... ready to be mailed," I was saying and I remember to whisper softly. "Where did I hide it?" Ready to be mailed, but so long ago.

I lift my mattress where I hid it until I could safely drop it in the mailbox. It was gone. Perhaps long ago it was mailed.

I lay on my bed. The pressure and pain return and I am remembering the questioning of my inquisitors. They had spent considerable time requesting information about the letters. I knew full well I would be free to continue my work if I answered them properly. I told them what they wanted to know.

"I considered it my duty," I confided to them, continuing, "Professor Stone was sent by the enemy to infiltrate our system."

"Go on," said the doctor's mask, "continue, please."

As always, the information I disclosed interested the mask as I gave him a detailed report of my letters and what they contained; where they had been directed; and the special ones that had been mailed to the board and the newspaper. I will try to eliminate the memory of my captors from my mind. I am home now.

Sitting up in my bed, my head clears and I recall mailing the letters about Professor Stone. He thought he was hiding behind his beard and would not be noticed. The evidence in my letters and by making use of the telephone I furthered my cause in eradicating this teacher from our midst. Our young mustn't be tainted by the enemy.

I am becoming overwrought. Arising from my bed, I stand at the window. Now I am recalling the funeral procession. I had watched from this very window before they came for me.



After the suicide of Professor Stone, may I point out that the students were temporarily under the spell of this enemy agent. Even in death, there was a great throng paying homage to him. There were many cars.

I find a stub of a pencil on the shelf in my closet. Carefully, I draw a line through the name of Professor Stone.

Depressed, I note that my list has been reduced to one, all the others being dispatched. My immediate need is to add to my list. Without my tools, I will have to be more secretive and perhaps advance on my prey in a more physical manner.

The bench on which I sit is directly across from the school. Here, I can hide behind my book and observe the techniques of the enemy.

School is over for the day. As they empty out of the school I note that there are many more of them than when I was there last, more than a year ago.

I sit unnoticed behind my book. They think I am reading. I am not. As a well-trained observer I recognize immediately ~~three~~ of them. They are bearded and will be added to my list.

Yes, there is an endless amount of work yet to do.

Mary Garson



Oh, I manage all right. Things  
are going quite well for me  
but I wonder in the confused cavity of my stomach  
if I hurt you. I fear

fear, yes, fear like a river running  
sour milk  
over acid-eaten stomach-pores

you fear, fear me. fear  
you. And why did I pushpush  
your own misconstruance to the hilt  
of a sexless blade and egg

egg, yes, egg; planar, linear  
oval, spherical with its shell,  
its shell so brittle, oh, breaks so easily  
tinkle, tinkle, tink  
pieces of carousel glass  
rainbowwhite, snowwhite and the dwarved  
fledglings perish; pasteurization so unfertile.  
egg, yes, egg. Dissected egg, so unhealthy.

you to jump, jump  
from a cliffless cliff  
into arms already cradling a smile  
remembered so softly, cradling

cradling, yes, cradling in the boat  
of my eye. A visual secret just outside  
my line of vision; I turn quickly, catching a flicker  
of humor.

And what have I to offer you?

a notion also.

Kirsti Uunila



We have A becoming Z  
 Tomorrow so ominous  
 that the past is less familiar  
 The day stands still in furious motion  
 (only occasion's shadow-theatre  
 immodestly overlit  
 eventually deceptive as images collide  
 miscues, flashes, glare: lashing, dancing shades and lines  
 amorphous assaults, now tendrilled, now torn, now many  
 fragmented and baroque). The day  
 opens thrice concentrically  
 on calendered eyes which as quickly  
 register the clock's unlikely spheres  
 in block, as square, on chart

We've occasion imploding, for explosion  
spins fastest at origin  
extinguishing driftily in the far reaches  
of Individual  
and it is now that the spin's great motive  
overwhelms our mass with swirling  
surging display  
We've future passed,  
past impending. Birth is our achievement  
experience but the first teetering step

William Coast West  
March 1971



come sit here beside me  
open your eyes  
and look into mine  
(i will try to open them)  
do not be afraid  
and tell me of love  
(i will try not to be afraid)  
tell me of love  
you do not have to speak

a child found a flower  
once beside a stream  
it was silent  
and it was beautiful  
and he was not afraid  
the flower spoke to him  
and told him of love  
but the child  
did not understand  
and the flower and  
silent words became dust

come sit here beside me  
you do not have to speak  
and the child will listen

Lise Folkman



FOR ADAM

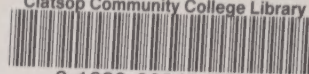
And when shall we  
come again  
to know love  
as the laughter  
of a rainbow  
heard through misting  
God-tears of morning  
faintly echoing  
the song of life  
love and  
when we come  
again to make  
the echo  
we shall hear  
the song of love  
again  
It shall be sung

Anonymous





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